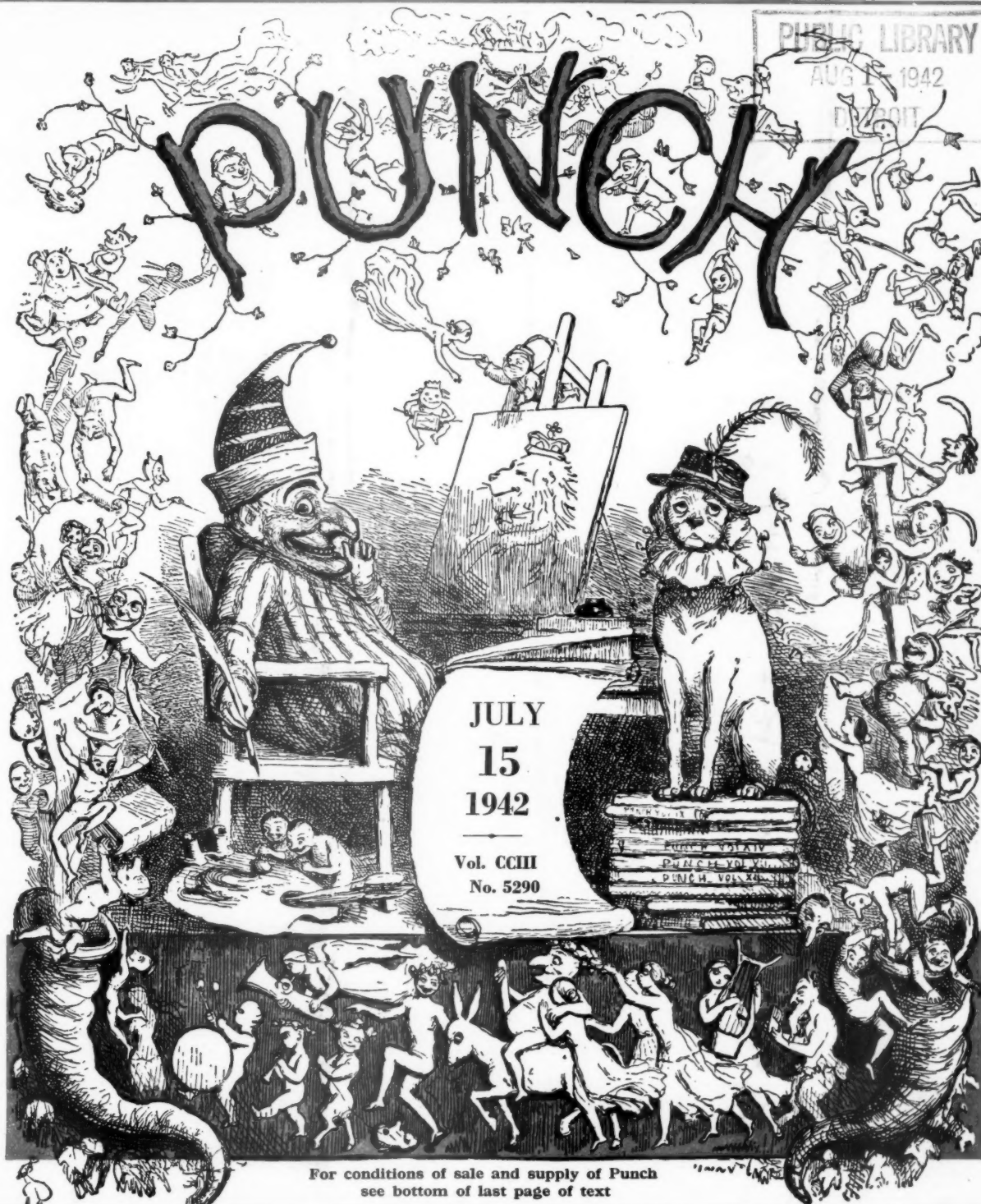


Their scarcity is  
the best tribute  
to their quality

# HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

The limited quantities  
are distributed on the  
fairest possible basis



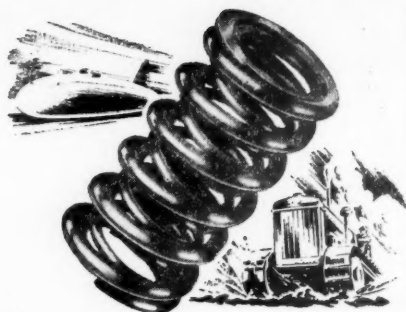
For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please



Pioneers  
of  
Speed  
and  
Power



THE intense speed-up in the evolution of the modern power unit is the most world-shaking event in history. And it is a striking thought that behind every stage of this mechanical progress an essential factor is the power of THE SPRING. We, at Terry's, specialise in Springs. We make them for every purpose. Our accumulated experience of pre-war days is now being supplemented by further research and experiment which will be at the disposal of engineers when the clouds have rolled away.

**TERRY'S**  
for **SPRINGS**

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH, ENGLAND



## ROAD SAFETY CAMPAIGN

*Drive with Greater Confidence.  
— Always relined with*

**FERODO**

*Brake Linings*

## Biscuits & 'Bobs'

NEVER was it truer that 'mony a mickle mak's a muckle' than in the 'Group' method of National Saving!

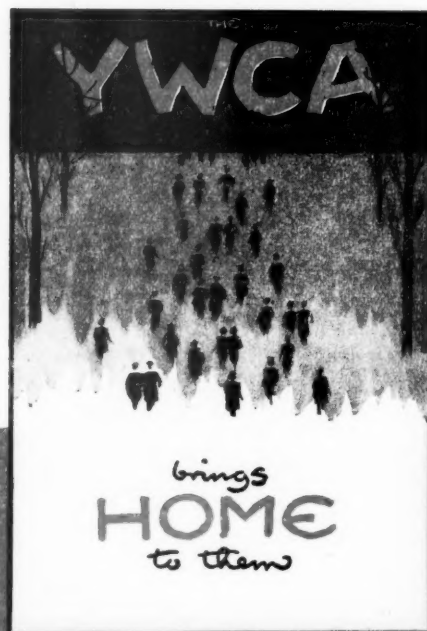
You can either join a Savings Group in your street, factory or school or you can start a Group within your own personal circle or in any district where no Group so far exists.

Many enthusiastic heads of Groups, beginning with a few odd 'bobs' regularly subscribed have worked-up their 'collections' to hundreds of pounds a week—and remember that means your savings back in full when the war is over and useful interest added—a very welcome post-war nest egg.

## START OR JOIN A GROUP FOR NATIONAL SAVINGS

You can learn how to go about it by getting in touch with the Hon. Secretary of your Local Savings Committee—whose name and address your Post Office will provide.

This space given by McVitie & Price, Ltd., Biscuit Manufacturers,  
London • Edinburgh • Manchester



SERVICE WOMEN AND WAR WORKERS

**Y.W.C.A. WARTIME FUND**

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO MRS. CHURCHILL  
Y.W.C.A. HEADQUARTERS, 61, RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Registered under War Charities Act 1940

Burlingtons are  
the perfect  
alternative  
to imported  
Havanas



Guaranteed  
made and  
rolled from  
the finest  
imported Havana  
and other world  
famous cigar leaf

**BURLINGTON**  
*Cigars*

Half-Coronas : 1/- Petit Coronas : 1/4 Coronas : 1/8

Obtainable from all high-class dealers and stores.

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.

# Sparklets

Vital National needs have first call, hence Sparklets Syphons and Bulbs are somewhat scarce these days, although supplies are being regularly and equitably distributed. You may have to make more frequent calls on your supplier and buy in smaller quantities than your usual two or three dozen Sparklets Bulbs at a time, but the little extra trouble is well worth while.

The advantages of Sparklets are very evident and, of course, the quality of the soda is as good as ever.

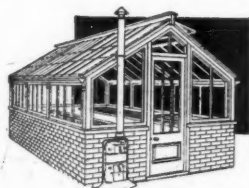
P.S. Please remember our renovation and repair service—it still functions.

P.P.S. Be as helpful as you can by returning all empty Sparklets Bulbs to your supplier—allowance "C" size 4d. dozen, "B" size 2d. dozen.

SPARKLETS Ltd. (Dept. P), LONDON, N.18



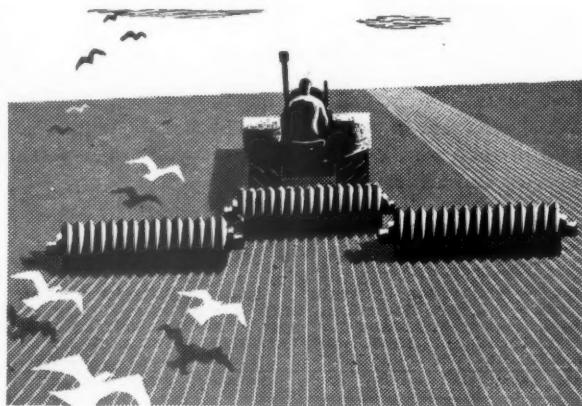
**Sparklets**  
(REGD. TRADE MARK)  
**REFILLABLE SYPHON**



If the progress of civilisation means anything, it means that what few could have Yesterday many can have Tomorrow. Our plans are on the side of progress. Boulton and Paul products are destined to reach an ever-widening circle.

Remember Boulton & Paul Ltd.,  
Norwich—for Garden Shelters,  
Eungalows, Greenhouses and  
Garden Frames of all kinds.

**BOULTON & PAUL**



**The good earth . .** In nearly every field you can see the standard Fordson Tractor toiling and tilling to keep Britain's larders filled.

The Tractor is strong and handy because of the simplicity of its design. And through that simplicity it lightens not only the farmer's toil, but helps the economical producing of the nation's food.

The standard Fordson Tractor costs only 10% above its 1939 price! And this despite a 40% rise in the cost of material and labour.

Economy no less than efficiency results from Ford's engineering service to the nation.

**Ford marches on**

To-day's Pimmerick



A don at a Scots Univrirsity  
Showed surprising restraint  
in advairsity  
When his butler (in trews)  
Broke the shattering news  
Of the Pimm's No. 1  
wartime scarcity

**PIMM'S NO. 1 CUP**  
The long drink with a  
click in it





# Steady!

—that's the order in these days of shortage.

However tough on your self-restraint, that extra glass simply must be foregone for the duration; which makes it doubly enjoyable, and doubly precious.

## CHAPLINS

CELESTA SHERRY 13/6  
and  
12/6 CONCORD PORT

Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

W. H. CHAPLIN & CO. LTD. Estd. 1847  
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchants, Distillers and Vineyard Proprietors. LONDON • GLASGOW



Sulis—Nature's "pleasant to drink" remedy for all rheumatic and kindred complaints. From deep down in the earth gush the healing waters of Bath. These are bottled at the Springs, and more and more people are benefiting by drinking Sulis either still or sparkling.

## SULIS

The BRITISH Mineral Water  
from Wine Merchants, Grocers, Chemists, or direct from The Springs, Stall Street, Bath.

## Tri-ang

TOYS  
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS  
L.B. LTD. London

All shrewd Judges smoke

# Orlik

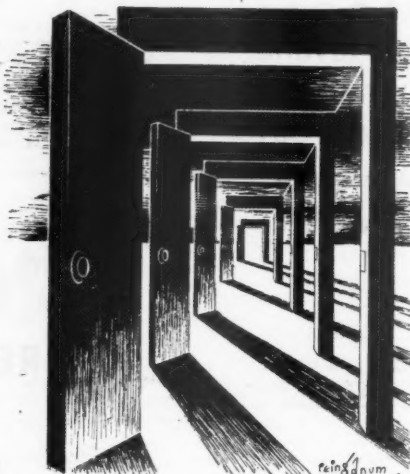
BRIAR PIPES

Find the shape and style of an Orlik pipe that suits your fancy—and you can be sure that everything else is just as you would wish. Orlik London-made pipes are obtainable at many Tobacco shops. Ask for them by name.

L. ORLIK LTD., LONDON, E.C.1  
Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES  
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.



## SCOPE

"One could extend almost indefinitely a list of the manifold activities to which Philips products and processes have contributed . . . an ever-widening field of electrical pioneering and achievement."

# PHILIPS



LAMPS • DISCHARGE LIGHTING • RADIO RECEIVERS • TRANS-  
MITTERS • VALVES & THERMIONIC DEVICES • MEDICAL & INDUSTRIAL  
X-RAY & ELECTRO-MEDICAL EQUIPMENT • ARC WELDING EQUIPMENT  
& ELECTRODES • LIGHT ALLOY RESISTANCE WELDING PLANT  
MAGNETIC OIL FILTERS • MAGNETS • SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS  
PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W.C.2

ESSE  
HEAT STORAGE COOKERS  

# Save Fuel

  
ECONOMY IS ESSENTIAL ESSE COOKERS BURN LESS  
THE ESSE COOKER CO. LTD.  
HEAD OFFICE & WORKS: BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND  
LONDON SHOWROOMS  
63 CONDUIT STREET, W.1 & 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4  
LIVERPOOL EDINBURGH GLASGOW  
20 Canning Place 17 Greenside Place 11 Dixon Street, C.1

## To MEMBERS of the Scottish Widows' Fund

Most of our new-business staff is on war service but the utmost will be done to maintain the Society's life assurance service.

In two ways MEMBERS can do much to help:—

1. Keep correspondence with the Society at a minimum, and
2. Either to us or to your agent, give introductions to likely new members.

REMEMBER, we cannot now send anyone to urge you to increase your own life assurance — just DO IT WITHOUT BEING ASKED.

Write to your agent or to the Secretary,

## SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND



Head Office:  
9 St. Andrew Square  
Edinburgh, 2

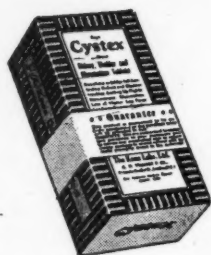


3d. each  
including Purchase Tax

Eclipse Blades (now made only in the popular slotted pattern) are scarcer than usual, but persistence in seeking them is rewarded with gratifying keenness and comfort in shaving.

Obtainable only from retailers  
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.





*This is the right  
medicine for you  
if your kidneys  
need help*

Your kidneys are among the hardest-worked organs of your body. No wonder they become fatigued and need, sometimes, the cleansing and tonic action of a reliable kidney medicine.

Cystex is approved by doctors and chemists in 73 countries and praised by thousands of people for *Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Disturbed Nights, Sciatica, Leg Pains, etc.* These are usually signs that all is not well with your kidneys, so where a kidney medicine is indicated, take Cystex, which is guaranteed to make you better, or money back if empty package is returned to manufacturers.

**Cystex** for  
**KIDNEYS  
BLADDER  
RHEUMATISM**

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists,  
1/3, 3/- and 6/-, plus tax.

KNOX LABORATORIES LTD., 81 LAMB'S CONDUIT ST., W.C.1

**FLOORS... FLOORS... FLOORS**



**FEET ARE RUNNING  
UP YOUR OVERHEADS**

SPOSS Floor Dressing gives a surface that lasts for weeks, rather than days; cutting out the frequent repolishing that runs up overheads. SPOSS resists the "treading-in" of dirt, and is so tough and waterproof that SPOSSed floors can be cleaned again and again simply by damp-mopping and still come up shining. Municipal and Scholastic Authorities, Hospitals, Industrial organisations and others whose floor maintenance is an important item have proved the value of SPOSS.

**SPOSS**

For further facts pin this coupon to your letterheading and post to Simmonds Products Ltd. (Dept. P. 60), Great West Road, London. If you wish for a copy of the beautifully produced SPOSS brochure please enclose 6d. in stamps to meet the cost in accordance with the requirements of the Paper Control.



SIMMONDS PRODUCTS LIMITED—A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP

**Genasprin**

**KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—  
TIME IT!**

**DIVERSION**

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen'.

**SANATOGEN**  
NERVE-TONIC FOOD

**HEALTH-HINTS**

— by 'Sanitas'



*...why Doctors and  
Nurses keep well*

**D**OCTORS and Nurses are constantly coming into contact with disease. They are subject to germ-attack every day. Yet they keep well.

It is because they make such regular use of a good personal disinfectant. They wash their hands and rinse their mouth and throat regularly with disinfectant. *Thus they destroy the germs before these can "catch hold" and breed.*

Thousands of Doctors and Nurses use SANITAS.

It is the SAFE PERSONAL DISINFECTANT, and pleasant. Does not smart, burn or irritate. To-day, in this age of "crowds," regular use of SANITAS solution—as a wash, as a gargle—is more necessary than ever!

At your Chemist **7d. 1/1½d, 1/8½d**, per bottle (incl. Pur. Tax)

**SANITAS**  
THE SAFE DISINFECTANT

**FREE ON REQUEST** — Valuable War Memorandum on prevention and treatment of infectious diseases — Send postcard to  
SANITAS CO. LTD. (Dept. PU/7), 51, Clapham Rd., S.W.9.

*Since supplies  
are restricted, a  
little Parke-Davis  
shaving cream has  
to go a long way...*



**WHAT A GOOD THING IT IS  
THAT A LITTLE PARKE-DAVIS  
DOES GO A LONG WAY!**

**PARKE-DAVIS**  
**Shaving Cream**

"YOU wouldn't know the Park since the troops came," says Sidney the Squirrel. "Thump, bump, go the wheels all day. And half the nuts I pick up nowadays are not my kind of nut at all. But the drive keeps as smooth and tidy as ever. They did it with Colas, you see, a long time ago."

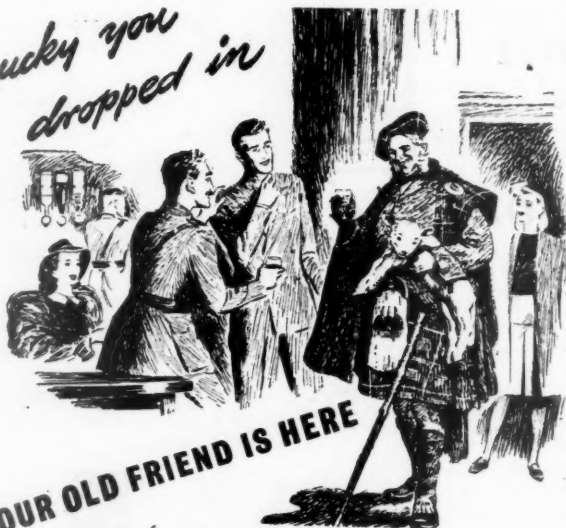


When peace returns to the Gardens of the world, there will be Colas products again to make paths and drives trim and durable.

COLAS PRODUCTS LTD., 5-6, CROSBY SQUARE, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.3  
PHONE: AVENUE 5331 GRAMS: COLASFALT, STOCK, LONDON



*Lucky you  
dropped in*



**—YOUR OLD FRIEND IS HERE**

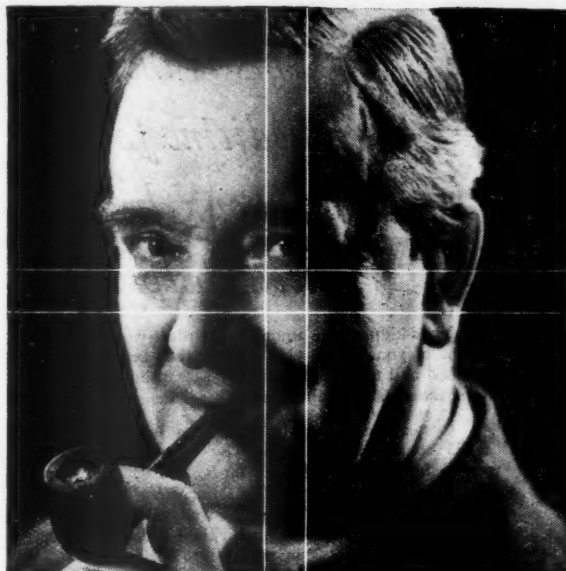
Though Old Angus is an old favourite with everyone who likes a good whisky, he hasn't any favourites. There's usually enough to go round, or go several rounds, wherever you may be, because supplies have been carefully rationed all over the country.

CHOSEN FOR YEARS BY CONNOISSEURS

**OLD ANGUS**

A NOBLE SCOTCH—GENTLE AS A LAMB

M.2b



## Know any wet smokers?

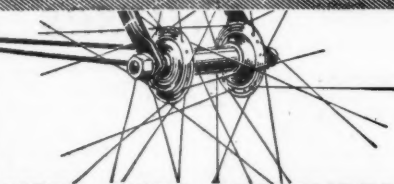
If so, would you mind tactfully drawing their attention to the Old Hand's hint below? You see, wet smokers waste so much tobacco in the "dottle" they knock out of each pipeful. And that is rather unfair on all the other fellows who want Four Square, because supplies of top grade leaf are so restricted by the war.

### Hint No. 6

If, in spite of following all the hints given in these advertisements, your pipe still smokes wet, try crumpling up a small piece of clean paper, a cigarette paper for choice, into a loose ball and putting it in the bottom of the pipe before filling.

TREASURE YOUR

**Hercules**  
CYCLE



## KEEP TYRE PRESSURES RIGHT

To save wear it is also important that grease should be kept off tyres. Tyres are now very valuable and oil and grease are extremely detrimental. A cycle today is a more valuable possession than ever before. Your cycle is a vital link in the transport system of this country. Don't weaken the link!

Issued by  
the firm with

**THE WORLD'S RECORD CYCLE OUTPUT**

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM

64



# PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIII No. 5290

July 15 1942

## Charivaria

A CRITIC complains that he can't think of anything more monotonous than one of the current jazz numbers. He doesn't have to—plenty of jazz composers will manage to do that.

While digging in a field a Sussex man found a large old-fashioned watch. The extraordinary thing is that he wasn't digging for turnips.



"Threat to Brazil."—*Daily Mirror* item. Nutcracker movement?

Radio comedians generally read from script and don't memorize their jokes, we are told. In time, however, most listeners are able to memorize the jokes.

Scarlet runners climb up lamp-standards at a suburban railway station. Others just manage to cling to the 8.14 every morning.

A critic complains that a certain comedian is sometimes inaudible. But that's only when he sees another comedian in the audience doing shorthand.

According to an American journalist, sycophants who surround HITLER often find that he is very difficult to please. In fact, sometimes he simply will not take yes for an answer.

Three Times is Lucky.

"Major — was born in 1890 and in 1910."—*Gloucester Paper*.

A Glamorgan couple, the parents of eleven children, who declared they always quarrelled about their children's clothes have separated. It is not stated who was given the custody of the clothes-coupons.



The editor of a Fleet Street daily received a severe shock recently. One of his correspondents returned from a flying visit to Portugal without having discovered the real France.

A Hollywood film actress has discharged her publicity agent. It appears that when walking along the street with her he was foolish enough to say "Don't look now, but I think nobody is following us."

The band of the Hermann Goering Regiment has arrived in Rome. The Maestro himself remains in the Reich to fulfil engagements as a solo trumpeter.

Italians, according to an American bridge expert, have deteriorated as card-players in the last half-century. And before that. In the days of Horatius a bridge party *was* a bridge party.

A writer suggests that the Peace Conference should be held in Ireland. Why not? They haven't had a war there for a long time.

An explorer relates that from one expedition he made into the jungle he returned with an unopened case of whisky which he had taken for medicinal purposes. He blames native guides for treacherously making detours round any promising snake-bite country.

In Darkest England

"Thomas Henry Manning, Harrow and Cambridge explorer."—*Daily Mail*.

The announcement that ice-cream is to disappear altogether from this country is thought in Italy to settle the matter beyond shadow of doubt. England is starving.



## Easy on the Taps

(Being the report of the first meeting of a Special Inter-Departmental Sub-Committee presided over by Mr. U. J. Pimplefeather, Assistant-Director of Pipes in the Ministry of Heat and Sousing, and attended by all sorts of ridiculous people from all sorts of other concerns.)

**M**R. PIMPLEFEATHER. Well gentlemen, our terms reference are very brief. You all have them in front of you, but in order to take up a little more time I will read them aloud. "In view of the decreased increase of the country's fuel output occasioned by the enlarged absenteeism recently prevalent in the coal-mining industry, or due to other relevant or irrelevant causes, this Committee is summoned to inquire into the possibility of diminishing to as great an extent as may be practicable the habit of superfluous ablutions involving the use of artificial power and calefactory agents, having regard at the same time to the varying degree of nigrITUDE incidental to the habits of various sections of the community; and furthermore to consider the desirability of setting this urgent economy on a compulsory or a voluntary basis, and then what."

Mr. PARNICKEL (representing the Pumice Stone Controller). You mean you want fellers to wash less.

Mr. PIMPLEFEATHER. That is the rough idea, Mr. Parnickel.

Mr. SPATCHCOCK (representing the Loofah section of the Board of Trade). Turn off all the water three days a week.

Mr. GLUGG (representing the Legion of Kitchen Frontiersmen). The housewife has to cook her dinner, Mr. Spatchcock.

Mr. PIMPLEFEATHER. Quite apart from the lessened facilities for culinary operations consequent upon any proposal of so drastic a nature as is contemplated by this suggestion, it might result surely in an increased outburst of balneation on such days as opportunities for this process were rendered available.

Mr. GARP (representing the Toilet Requisites Sub-section of the Nail-Brush Control). Lots of women have two hot baths a day.

Mr. SPATCHCOCK. And wallow in 'em.

Mr. RUBBLETHWAITE (representing the Basin Office). If they haven't got the coal they can't.

Mr. GLUGG. It depends on who gets to the bathroom first, Mr. Rubblethwaite.

Mr. HARDWHISTLE (representing the Fat Boss). Anyway they won't have the soap, Mr. Rubblethwaite.

Mr. GARP. You can do a great deal with sandpaper, Mr. Hardwhistle.

Mr. SPATCHCOCK. What about a house-to-house visitation, Mr. Pimplefeather, with a right of entry to bathrooms, and power to punish offenders with a fine?

Mr. GLUGG. Should it not be possible to give the police authority to arrest any citizen at sight who appears to be unnecessarily clean?

Mr. PIMPLEFEATHER. It seems to me that this would be resented as an unwarrantable restraint upon private enterprise. It must be remembered also that tenants or proprietors of riparian residences would have a continuous access to sources of lavation withheld from their fellow-citizens—

Mr. HARDWHISTLE. What about sweeps?

Mr. GARP. Clearly the office-worker should not receive so large an allowance of water and whatnot as the manual labourer, since he needs a lot less effort and material to get the stuff off.

Mr. PIMPLEFEATHER. The rationing of saponaceous detergents is outside our present terms of reference, Mr. Garp.

Mr. SPATCHCOCK. Need the women wash at all? Can't they paint?

Mr. HARDWHISTLE. Isn't it going to be very frowsty in the buses, Mr. Pimplefeather?

Mr. GLUGG. Why not collect all baths for scrap-metal, and make them use buckets or tubs? I remember my grandfather—

Mr. RUBBLETHWAITE. If a meter and clock were placed on all baths, allowing only so much water for a shilling—

Mr. PIMPLEFEATHER. It is calculated by my Department that an installation of this nature throughout the Metropolitan area, even if the necessary amount of manpower and machinery were available, would involve an expenditure out of all proportion to the results; it would also be essential to decide whether the efflux of water permitted for a single immersion should be only such as to cover the hips of the bather when in a sitting posture, or whether it should be allowed to reach a higher altitude; and the inspection by properly accredited officials of all baths for the purpose of deciding upon the necessary level would demand the actual presence in every case of the bather in order to calculate the degree of displacement ensuring conformity to the rule.

Mr. PARNICKEL. Some fellers being fatter than others, what?

Mr. PIMPLEFEATHER. Precisely.

Mr. PARNICKEL. Some fellers sing in their baths.

Mr. PIMPLEFEATHER. That also is outside the scope of our present inquiry. So many difficulties have presented themselves that I am inclined, if I can obtain your agreement, to have recourse to the voluntary principle of non-balneation. I propose in this connection the issue and



"That's the trouble, Sir—he is the Regimental Barber."



HAIL COLUMBIA!





## H. J. Talking

SOME people wonder if my scientific knowledge helps me in politics, but the difficulty in politics is that you never seem to be able to get things set. Chemistry, Physics, Biology, all depend on getting things set, so that you can go away for a holiday and continue on your return where you left off. Now politics keep moving about, so that the only thing you can do is what they call sampling opinion. We got a charwoman in specially so that I could try my hand at politics. I used to ask her what she thought of the way things were going and try to slap her answers on a graph, but she used to say she never had time to find out what was happening, so we took her off her work and sat her in the kitchen with all the newspapers. Then she said she didn't understand them, so we sent her to take a course in Current Affairs at the Polytechnic, and when she was through she left charring and became a hostess in a bottle party.

In fact politics have no real interest for the pure scientist who is trained to like things systematical and punctual. Now nature is full of punctuality, if you know what I mean. Only when men get civilized do things become unpunctual. Atoms and the sun and corn, low types like those, are always on the dot. I once did an experiment, timing my wife and timing water coming out of the bath-tap, and the graph showed how much more reliable the water was. I framed those curves and gave them to my wife on her wedding day. My wife likes me to get her carnations, but I don't indulge her always. B. Smith has found a flower that looks very like a carnation but grows wild, which is what they never seem to do, and this makes things cheaper. She gets wild when we have a celebration and he comes along, but I tell her she ought to be grateful because he knows the manager of the restaurant and we don't have to pay the ten per cent. on the bill for service, they being friends. Indeed they often go duck-shooting together. On one of these trips there came a peacock nosing about. It seemed to have got lost, and they shot it thinking it might be some kind of large, gay duck, but when they looked it up in a bird-watcher's handbook they found it was a peacock. Then they looked up in a dictionary of cooking to see if you could eat it or if it had to be stuffed, but the books had got the pages missing after M, which was why they never had omelettes on a cruise, and so they decided to leave it to the chef when they got back, and he solved the difficulty with trimmings. He used to say that provided there were plenty of trimmings, anything was eatable, because you could always get a square meal round the edge.

One year instead of hiring a shack for my vacation I tried a canoe, hoping to pay the expenses out of charcoal-drawings of things that caught my eye on the way. I soon found that one of the disadvantages of a canoe is that it never tows easily. I tried horses and I tried oxen, and I tried one of my wife's relatives on a bicycle, but somehow it always came back to having to do the work myself. Another trouble about canoes is that they are not much good for fish. If you try to jab them as you go along it leads to overbalancing. I tried fixing strands of barbed-wire on the keel, hoping they would trail about and catch fish, but I had to keep disentangling them from weeds, bridges, paddlers, etc. Much the same applied to a butterfly-net I had with me and towed behind.

Some people spend part of the day canoeing and part fishing, so that they can concentrate on one thing at a time, but the way I look upon it is scientific. I divided the cost

of the canoe by the number of days I was hiring it, and that gave me the number of miles I had to do a day unless the canoe was to be uneconomical. If I had stopped to catch fish I might have lost heavily unless the fish had been of a rare and expensive kind. What with canoeing, fishing and doing calculations the drawings, which were the real financial basis of the trip, had to be done at meals, and then the charcoal got in the food and there was nothing much to draw in the dining-rooms of inns except the pictures on the walls, so I used to draw those. When I got home I had eight portraits of Lord Kitchener, five copies of a picture called "The Monarch of the Glen," and one of some sunflowers in a reformed inn, where the menu had a note on the medical aspects of the food. In fact apart from my wife being elsewhere, there was not much to it as a holiday at all.

Talking about my wife, I am going to have some trouble with an experiment I want to do on the way heat increases as you put more people in a lift. We have a service lift in our flat, and I shall have to use that and multiply by the number of times the service lift will go into a full-size one. It will need tact as well as a thermometer, because not only shall I have to persuade my wife to get in, but I shall have to get her in with B. Smith on the second journey and with B. Smith and Friend on the third. Friend is not just anybody, but a friend of B. Smith's whose name he has never heard, and it is a bit awkward to ask him now, they having known each other a long time. Friend is a kind, baggy man, and he specializes in writing footnotes. He has written footnotes for a text-book on the Law of In-Laws, a Child's Edition of *Bradshaw*, and a book called *Elementary Practical Jokes: translated from the Portuguese*. Friend spends a good deal of his spare time in our laboratory, and he is always ready to help. He once did me a set of footnotes free as a return for all the hospitality he got through at our place. They were for an article of mine on whether plants dream. I showed there was no evidence they do. It was a very scientific article and sent up my stock a lot.



"Just give me an estimate."

## Testimonial to Shadrach

"YOU'LL want a boy," said the chap who had been out for eighteen months and knew everything. "Actually you can have mine if you like, after he's finished getting married."

"Won't that take him quite a time?" I asked.

"No, not necessarily. You see, when we came back from Abyssinia it was so long since I'd paid him anything that I owed him about fifteen pounds, and he decided to go and buy himself a woman. Good women, he said, cost twenty pounds, but he thought he might get something rather more ordinary for a little less, and if he couldn't he was going to get a couple of cows instead. So you see he may be back any day now."

"What's he like?" I asked.

"Quite ordinary, really," said the chap who knew. "According to his Domestic Servant's Register his complexion is dark, his mouth large, his nose flat and his hair curly."

"I don't think," I said dubiously, "I could pick him out on that evidence alone."

"You could hardly find a native in all Kenya that it didn't describe," agreed the chap. "I suppose you could identify him by his name best. His name is Shadrach Mbaya, son of Ochoro."

"What an extraordinary thing!"

"Isn't it? Originally, I gather, he was just called Mbaya, but later when he became a Christian the padre offered him a long list of Biblical names and he just stuck a pin into it. It's rather unfortunate that he didn't get one he could pronounce; he calls himself anything from Sandlak to Sadalaka, but actually he answers to Hi! or to any loud cry."

"For some reason all the chaps in the Mess thought it was a frightfully amusing name when I first engaged him, but I really don't see what they had to be so superior about. There were other boys about the place called Zerubaberi and Kipchangal, to name only two, and for that matter there was a Lance-Corporal Timetable in the Mortar Platoon and an askari in 'D' Company called Bicycle. Though it's only fair," he added, "to admit that the chaps thought their names were frightfully amusing too. People are very easily amused in Kenya, you know."

He called the boy and very rapidly taught me sufficient Swahili to order two whiskies.

"Is this chap any good?" I asked. "What can he do?"

"Well, he has a passion for laundry, for one thing. Lots of native boys have. I don't believe I've used more than one shirt or one pair of pyjamas during the last six months, because the moment I take them off he whips them away, washes them and serves them up again fresh the next day. It used to worry me sometimes, because my soap bills became so excessive, and I used to point out from time to time that there were others in my trunk. However, they were always right at the bottom, so Shadrach said, and it would be less trouble to wash the old ones and use them again."

"Actually everything always is at the bottom of a trunk if Shadrach packs it. He has a particular genius for it. Cheerio, by the way."

"Cheerio," I said.

"I was telling you about Shadrach's packing. He always spreads a piece of white cotton sort of stuff across the top; he says it's to keep the things clean, but really of course it's to prevent my seeing what's there. Then, if ever I want anything he can always say it's right at the bottom and carry on with his laundry activities. In the course of one day I found out that the bottom of my tin trunk contained my mosquito-net, a pair of sheets, an S.D. uniform, my map-case, all my manuals and a hundred shotgun cartridges."

"That was very clever, wasn't it? What was at the top?"

"Well, he was rather reluctant to tell me at first, but when I insisted he drew back the cotton thing and showed

me three handkerchiefs and one of his own shirts."

"Does he always keep his shirts in his officer's trunk?"

"Always," said the chap. "Boys invariably do. It isn't only shirts either. When he went away I had a look through his possessions to see that he hadn't got anything of mine, and I found among other things two broken watches, a photo-album full of rude pictures, two brass door-handles, a quire of ruled foolscap, a hundred yards or so of string and an old copy of *Life* with dialect comments scribbled all over the pictures."

"What did the comments say?" I inquired.

"According to him, the ones on the pictures of women said 'Woman' and the ones on the men said 'Man,' and so on, but I'm not so sure. I think they were political. He was very interested in politics; he was always asking me what we did with the Italian generals and why we didn't do something much worse. He was a great believer in massacring women and children too. He said there would be so much more tinned milk for us if we killed all the Italians. Tinned milk was definitely a topic of conversation at the time. Did I tell you the word for whisky? It's—"

"I remember," I said.

"I advise you to find out," went on the chap who knew, in due course, "whether he got the woman or the cows, because if you ever get to owe him as much money as I did he's quite likely to ask you to make it up to a bit more so that he can get a woman of superior quality. And actually, you see, he's a Christian, so if he's got a wife already he'll just be trying a fast one, because Christians aren't allowed more than one."

"Not even in Kenya?" I asked him.

"No, no, definitely not."

"When do you think he'll be coming back?"

"Oh, quite soon, I should think. It depends, as I say, on whether he gets the woman or the cows. Cows need such a lot of looking after, you see, he may be delayed a bit. But he should be back quite soon, really."

"Why don't you take him back yourself?" I inquired.

"Well—er," said the chap evasively, "you see—er—I've got another boy now, and I don't want to get rid of him."

"I think perhaps," I said, "I couldn't do better than follow your example."



## The Oracle

ONE could hardly expect the Fair to be the glamorous event of yesteryear. Fuel restriction had limited the roundabouts, and the bumping-cars had been controlled away altogether. Those dark-eyed jugglers were no doubt corporals by now, and the lustrous gipsy girls ticking typewriters.

But something of the intoxication of forgotten days was there, even if the draught was rationed. There still remained the chance for a reckless expenditure to gain an unwanted pair of vases; there was still a gay and raffish cluster of urchins round the shooting-gallery. And there was the Fiercest, Largest Rat in the World, passed by for a time with a superior smile at the enticements of the showman, but irresistible in the end, so that we gaped in mild horror at an unblinking eye housed incongruously in draped sateen and spangles. But I had other plans, and generously doling out pennies to the children with lenient permission to go in the swing-boats, I slunk off to visit the Genuine Gipsy Queen.

There she was, exactly like the tales, the enormous gold rings embedded in dusky fingers, the careless beauty of the handkerchief at her neck, the crystal and the dirty pack of cards on the beaded table-cloth.

She peered into my eyes and took my hand in her horny one.

"You sometimes cry for the moon," she began, and I rather briskly asked whether she was able to enumerate my children.

"You needn't worry, money is not so far off," she went on, and I suggested that she might enlighten me on the future development of the war.

"My dear, you have much in your life . . . a dark man . . . he's a good friend to you . . . beware though. . ."

"Tell me," I said. "How do you think my work will progress?"

She traced a little pattern with her finger on my palm.

"I see troubles passing, but be careful . . . a flaxen-haired woman . . ."

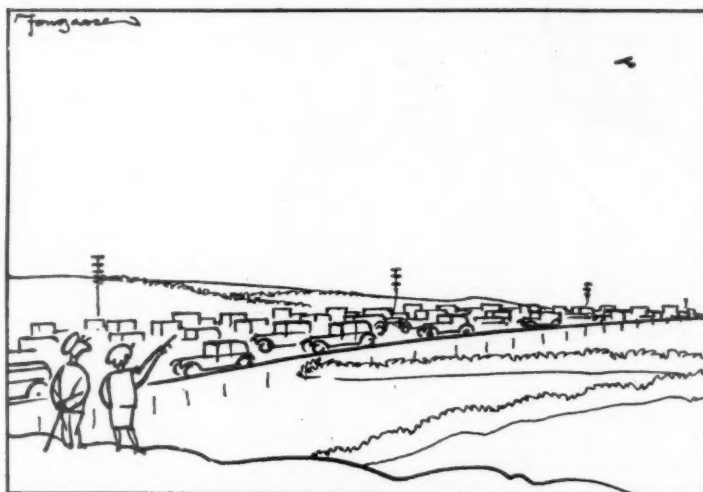
And whether, I continued, I should be well-advised to try to secure a temporary Nanny.

She laid down my hands with a sigh, and crossing her own on her undeniably ample bosom looked at me in silence for a moment.

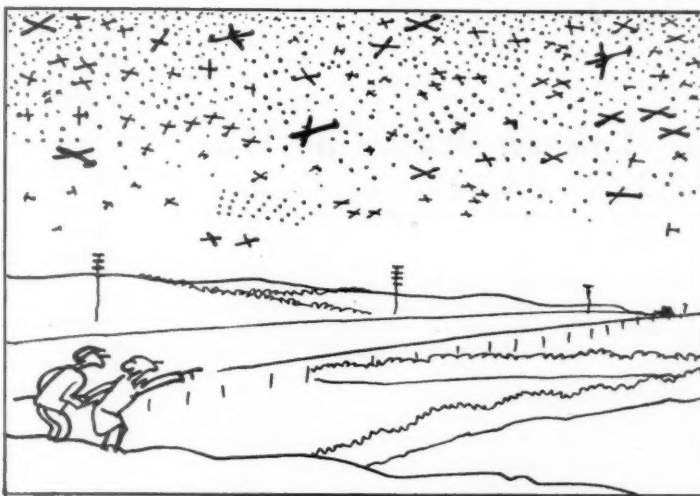
The patient psychiatrist must many a time have been ready to sacrifice his fee to be able to give such a look to the more deluded of his cases.

## ANOTHER CHANGED FACE

### OBJECT OF INTEREST



"Look—a plane!"



"Look—a car!"

"Have it your own way, dear," she said. "I never trouble to tell folk but two things: it's all they want to know."

I looked at her inquiringly.

"Love and money, that's about the lot," she said.

I lifted the worn velvet curtain and went out.

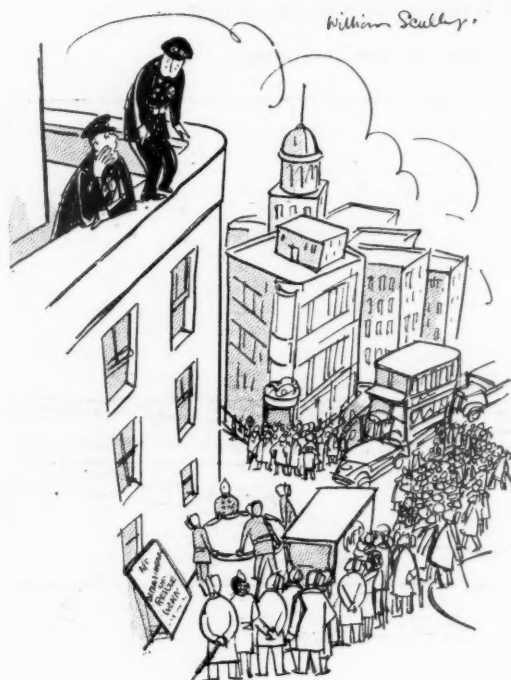
### View

"THE world," according to Professor Blink,

"Must look imposing from the moon." How rum!

And yet it's really rather nice to think There's some place that we look impressive from.





"You will soon get used to the crowds."

## An Assistant Master at War

(Further extracts from the papers of 2nd-Lieutenant A. J. Wentworth, late Assistant Master at Burgrove Preparatory School.)

**A**TALLISH sergeant came into the office this morning while I was reading a Command Order about hair-slides (A.T.S.) and said he was Scringe.

I did not follow what he meant. "How do you mean?" I asked. "Are you unwell?"

He said he was Sergeant Scringe.

"Do you mean your name is Scringe?" I asked him, raising my eyebrows. It seemed to me a most extraordinary thing, though I remember a boy called Hasty, now I come to think of it, in the Upper Fourth and rather good at Greek. Not that this chap looked as if he would be much use at Greek, I must say—or Latin either for that matter. Still, there it is.

"Yes, sir, Sergeant Scringe," he said. "Scinge is my name and I'm a sergeant, sir—by rank of course."

"Well, what else would you be a sergeant by?" I said—"Royal proclamation? Or what?" I had an idea the fellow meant to be insolent, and I immediately asked him for his number and pretended to write it down in Command Orders, not having any other paper handy. I make a

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

point of asking N.C.O.s for their numbers if they show any tendency to be truculent. It brings it home to them, I think.

Collinridge used to do the same thing at Burgrove (which still stands in its own grounds in spite of the bombs, as Gilbert said in his last letter. He always had a clever way of putting things, though the Head told me once—however, I detest gossip, and after all it's what a man is rather than what he has been that counts. Though both are important, of course). I don't mean Collinridge used to ask the boys for their numbers, because naturally they hadn't any, except on their lockers in the boot-room and so on; it was a help with the washing and mending, Matron said. He used to ask them their ages instead: "How old are you, Fearnly? Ten? Dear me, I should have thought eight was nearer the mark." He always said it worked very well, but I don't know. Boys are curious creatures.

I tried it myself once or twice, but not very successfully. Mason said, I remember, that in another eight years he would be twice as old as his father was fifty years ago, and naturally I couldn't make any comment in case it might appear to be a reflection on Mr. Mason in some way. Every Master has his own way of dealing with boys, I suppose. Mine, I like to think, is to lead rather than drive.

I was thinking rather nostalgically of the old days and the smell of the hymn-books in chapel and mark-reading and so on and so forth, when the phone rang and a voice said "You're through."

"Through where?" I asked.

"Hold on a moment," the operator said. "I'm just getting them for you."

"Getting who?" I said. "I haven't asked for anybody."

Then a man's voice said "You're very faint. Can you hear me?" and somebody else asked me whether I was long distance. Of course I couldn't say without knowing where they were speaking from, and I was pointing this out when the telephone made a loud jarring noise and drowned me.

"Wentworth here," I said.

"Hullo!" said the man's voice.

"Hullo!" I said, "Wentworth here."

"Hullo!" said the man.

"Hullo!" I said. "Wentworth speaking."

"Hullo! Hullo!" said the man.

"This is Crowsfoot double-two-owe-ninah," I said carefully.

"Speak up Crowsfoot," said the operator, "they're calling you."

I was on the verge of losing patience when the phone on the Adjutant's desk began to ring so I shouted "Hold on a moment," and hurried across. It is always the way when the Adjutant goes out.

"Hullo!" I said, snatching up the receiver.

"Wentworth here," said a voice.

I could hardly believe my ears.

"Hullo!" I said, "Hullo! Hul-Lo! Who is it? What is going on here?"

"Hullo!" said the man.

"Look here," I said. "Were you speaking to me on the other phone just now?"

"The other phone? What do you mean?" he said.

"I'm speaking on two phones," I explained.

"No need to do that," he said. "There's a mouthpiece and receiver all in one piece on these new models. You're only giving yourself unnecessary trouble."

"Oh, go and boil yourself!" I cried, tired of all this tomfoolery. Then I slammed the receiver down and went back to my own desk.



"About how many nuts do we eat in four weeks?"

The telephone there was still crackling.

"Wentworth here," I said wearily.

"Can you take a call from Bicester, sir?" asked the operator.

"I can take a call from Honolulu if there isn't a raving lunatic on the other end," I said bitterly. However, it turned out to be the C.O. and I apologized at once, in case he had misunderstood what I had said to the operator.

"What's that, Wentworth?" he said.

"I said I was sorry I said I could take a call from Honolulu if there wasn't a raving lunatic on the other end, sir," I said.

"What the devil d'you mean, Wentworth?" he said.

I saw I had made a mistake in bringing the wretched business up at all. But there was nothing for it but to go on with it now it had started. "I was speaking on two phones, sir," I explained, "and I couldn't make head or tail of either of them. There seemed to be a complete fool on the line—"

"There often is," said the C.O.

"So naturally when the operator asked me if I could take a call from Bicester I said—jokingly, sir—that I could take one from Honolulu, provided—"

"Well, don't say it again," said the C.O., who seemed to be in one of his testy moods. "Send a car for me at 1630."

As usual in this office there was no pencil or paper for me to take the message down, and I was obliged to strike a match and make a note on the blotting-paper with the burnt end. I must remember to speak to my clerk about this absurd shortage of pencils. There is no excuse for it whatever as far as I can see. We were never short of pencils at Burgrove.

As a matter of fact as soon as I had finished my note I caught sight of a pencil under the filing-cabinet, of all places, and had to go down on my hands and knees to fish it out. Imagine my annoyance when I got to my feet to see a tallish sergeant watching me from the opposite side of the desk.

"Well?" I said, flushing. "What do you want?"

He said he was Scringe.

I simply couldn't follow what the fellow meant.

H. F. E.

## Guernsey

WE can remember  
As though it were yesterday  
All we cannot see:  
The pools of sun on the garden,  
The birds' chatter in the early morning  
When we came away;  
No cloud, not a wind for warning,  
And there to enfold, to gladden,  
All the green heaven of our walnut tree.

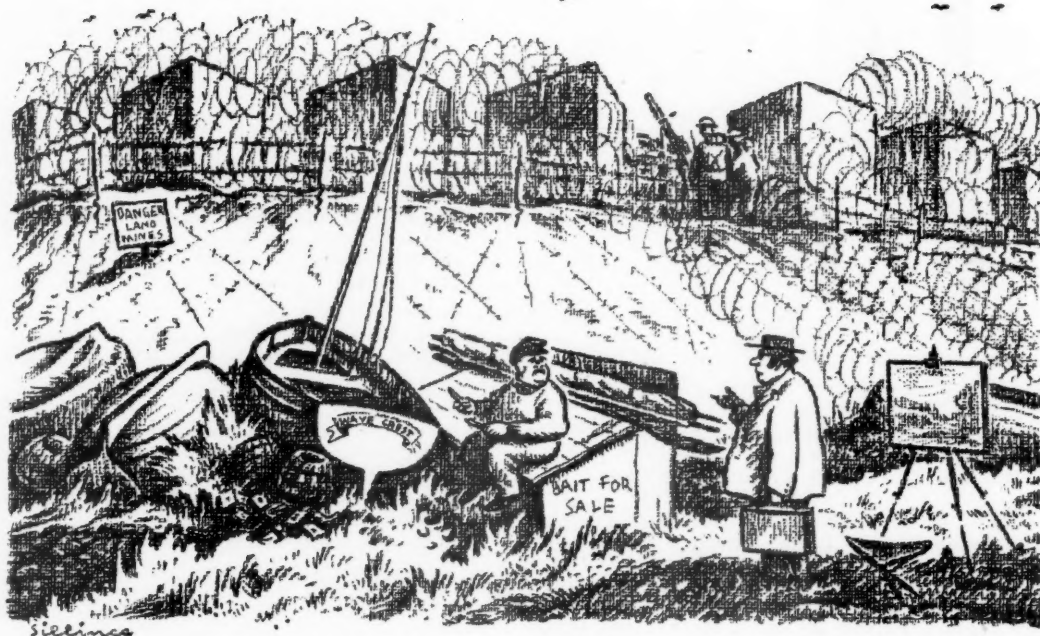
Days, days without number  
Since then have made their pattern,  
But we, holding these dear,  
The little red maples, the weeping almond in blossom,  
The floating, unfolding magnolia flowers,  
The symmetry of camellias, the roses—  
All that was ours—  
We have not forgotten.

These were light and lovely and lissom,  
And the enemy took them.

But each day as it closes  
Brings the sweet ultimate morning near  
When, nerveless at last and broken,  
The hand that plucked shall forsake them.  
And they shall bloom, they shall quicken,  
Blossom and curling stem  
As we remember them.



"Here—take this and get me a cab!"



*"And as I need more canvas than I can get, I thought perhaps we might do a deal."*

## Guard Room

**T**HIS is the Guard Room. Come and call on me  
(Excuse me, while I set a captive free),  
And broach with me my bucket of cold tea.

These are defaulters, and they straggle in  
At each half-hour, and grin a timid grin.  
Thus for five nights must each atone his sin.

There's Cockney Mike and that big ox-like Taffy—  
A redcap found them in an outlawed café,  
And now *they*'re outlawed, even at the Naafi.

And Private Jean, a girl of lobster red,  
Who tosses a still unrepentant head.  
They found some bits of biscuit in her bed.

Behind me lie six antiseptic cells,  
Where cigarette-starved captives ring their bells.  
But this is the most heartless of hotels.

Up comes a captain. Here's a bit of fun:  
The guard, instead of saying "Advance, one,"

Intoned "Next, please." So Something Must  
be Done.

I change one soaking sentry for another.  
I turn a sleeper who, I fear, will smother.  
To-night I am the regiment's big brother.

The heavy hours go by on feet of gout. . .  
The night is stertorous and undevout.  
A mouse-trap clicks: I throw the carcass out.

Ah, here comes Mac, the civvy electrician.  
He sidles in, six feet of malnutrition,  
And sidles out, on some sepulchral mission.

Now dawn comes up and lights the sordid nooks,  
The hundred keys upon their hundred hooks.  
This is the hour when I must rouse the cooks—

Dawn that stalks coldly through the Russian plain,  
Dawn that comes doucely, as in Aquitaine.  
I rise to go. The mouse-trap clicks again.





### WATERING THE VOLCANO

[Mahatma Gandhi has said in his paper *Harijan* that a free India would send ambassadors to the Axis Powers to show them the futility of War.]

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done

**Tuesday, July 7th.**—House of Lords: A Singular Performance by Lord Simon.

House of Commons: The Art of Dr. Goebbels is Discussed.

**Wednesday, July 8th.**—House of Commons: Caledonia, Stern and . . .

**Thursday, July 9th.**—House of Commons: Some More Secrecy Promised.

**Tuesday, July 7th.**—After its somewhat hectic interlude over the "No Confidence" debate, the House of Commons had resumed its normal urbanity and blandness. Rather more than its usual quota, in fact.

Mr. CHURCHILL himself came down specially to set the tone. He answered strings of questions about air-land co-operation in Libya, in gently informative tones that completely disarmed criticism—and enabled him to go again after passing to his ever-faithful and omnipresent A.D.C., Brigadier HARVIE WATT, the most colossal wink the House has seen for years. One wonders why.

Then Mr. I. C. HANNAH, whose super-Oriental politeness has been chronicled already in your pages, outdid himself. Not liking a Ministerial answer, Mr. HANNAH announced that "in view of its enormous importance, and of the interest in three Continents," he felt compelled to raise the matter again in debate—"in the most friendly way possible."

One or two of the more sentimental Ministers wiped away furtive tears, so moved were they. But the rest of the House roared with delighted laughter.

Then Sir STANLEY REED and Lord HINCHINGBROOKE abruptly dived head-first under the benches, seemingly engaged in some weird rite, and presenting for a time a most unconventional view of their distinguished figures. They emerged from the subterranean huddle, red in the face but smiling. Apparently Sir STANLEY had merely dropped his spectacles, but their salvage efforts stopped the show for quite a while, as Members craned their necks and wondered.

Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, who specializes in the detection of Governmental overstaffing, reversed his rôle and complained that Mr. GEORGE STEWARD, the Government's Chief Press Liaison Officer, *had no staff at all!* "Not even a junior clerk!" he said, wistfully, "Why?"

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied that Mr. STEWARD looked after *all* the



THE SOWER  
MR. BRENDAN BRACKEN

Government's Press arrangements, and Sir HERBERT wonderingly inquired whether the officer were a "genius," able to do all this unaided. Sir KINGSLEY nodded in bland assent, and Sir HERBERT retired baffled. This was something new on him.

But Sir HERBERT brightened considerably when the House turned from this one-man band to the many-manned band conducted by auburn Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN, the Minister of Information. Here, indeed, was



BARON KEYNES OF TILTON

something into which he might get his teeth. Thousands of officials here—and junior clerks galore.

It was Press day. Mr. ERNEST THURTL, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry, opened the debate (modestly explaining that the "Big Gun" was reserved for a later stage of the battle) by mentioning that his Department was costing some £8,500,000 for the year. He proceeded to tell how it went.

Then the Press, now taking its place in growing numbers on the benches of the Commons, got going. Mr. VERNON BARTLETT, as famous on the air as in the printed page, wanted broadcasting to the Empire (good as he feels it is) pepped up a bit.

Mr. TOM DRIBERG, Maldon's "New Boy," in a maiden speech that won the biggest cheer a back-bencher has achieved in this Parliament, wanted "the right type of Englishman" (whatever that is) to represent us in the United States, and a greater emphasis on the ideals and aspirations of British mankind, as distinct from the things material. He also sought a "good GOEBBELS" for Britain—but did not explain how that paradox could be found.

•Mr. CYRIL LAKIN, another journalist, wanted less Government interference with the B.B.C., and Mr. IVOR THOMAS, yet another Knight of the Pen, wanted a more "offensive spirit" in our broadcasting. Mr. BRACKEN listened attentively, then mentioned that the B.B.C. was putting out 3,000,000 words a week. He did not say that, "placed end to end," etc., but he clearly meant it. He also presented the House with the puzzling mathematical fact that broadcasting lasts 274 hours each week. As one Member truly remarked: "This radio is wonderful!"

Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON stood up for some twenty minutes, moved his arms and lips spasmodically, and then sat down. He is assumed to have made a speech; but apparently he forgot there was no microphone, and no word of it reached your scribe.

In the Lords, Lord SIMON was performing his much-admired protean act. Rising briskly from the Woolsack, he put the question that the second reading of a Bill be considered. Then, with a swift step to the side, he addressed himself and asked leave to move the second reading. This done, he whirled off to the Treasury Bench for another act in the one-man drama, sprinted back to the Woolsack and to approve all he had done in various other parts of the Gilded Chamber. Noble Lords watched with silent envy



*"I wish you wouldn't always hide behind a book at breakfast."*

the smooth running of Parliament thus piloted.

*Wednesday, July 8th.*—The small boy who thought "Caledonia, Stern and Wild" was the name of a firm of solicitors might have found some apparent confirmation of his belief in the Commons House to-day. It was Scottish Estimates day, and that was ever the occasion for grave, searching debates, with much nodding and even more shaking of heads and "Yes, buts—" and long rrrrrrrrolling perrrrriods, ye ken.

And to-day was no exception. As soon as Question-time was over the House was left to solitude and the Scots Members. The Sassenachs plodded their weary (if considerably relieved) way homewards—although your scribe is able to deny with authority a persistent rumour that the Secretary for Scotland, Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, had "spied Sassenachs" and thus secured a secret session, open only to those from North of the Border.

But all English, Welsh and (of course) Northern Irish Members feel a certain delicacy in being present on a Scottish Family Day, and wear the

hangdog expressions of eavesdroppers if they forgetfully stroll in.

Caledonia was certainly considerably stern and wild with the Government in one or two cases. Mr. JOHNSTON, however, seemed able to take it—which is not, perhaps, surprising, seeing that he is himself a Scot of the Scots.

They talked about everything from smallpox to bagpipes and education. Now and then an anxious-looking "outsider" would look in, only to beat a hasty and embarrassed retreat before a burst of Northern fervour. It went on for a long, long time.

Before this debate began a "Distinguished Stranger," Sir ARTHUR SALTER, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of War Transport, who has been away on duty in the United States of America for fifteen months, answered a few questions. With nice irony, the House asked this world-travelled Minister to enforce stricter travel restrictions in Britain. And they cheered Sir ARTHUR warmly for his surprisingly fully-informed replies.

Mr. BRACKEN worked off a neat epigram in reply to Major MONTAGUE

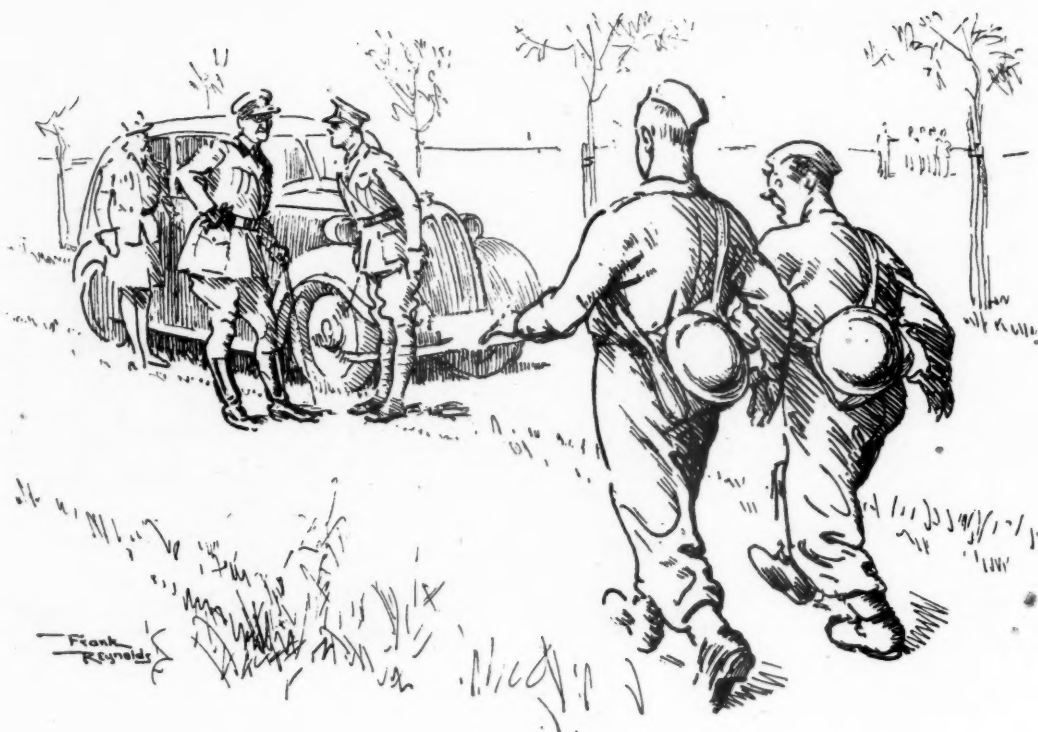
LYONS, who wanted broadcasting hours cut—and wanted it quickly. Said the Minister: "I do not agree that *any* leap in the dark is better than no movement at all."

Complaint was made that letters took five days to travel from Belfast to London. This, said Professor SAVORY and the Rev. Dr. LITTLE, in lugubrious, defiant unison, was simply not good enough. Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON, on the other hand, asked hopefully whether something could not be done to see that the letters addressed to "English Members" were held up at least as long. Secretaryless Members cheered.

*Thursday, July 9th.*—To the consternation of the House, Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS announced that the decision to hold in public the coming debate on our shipping losses had been reversed by the Cabinet.

He pleaded that this was for the safety of our gallant merchant seamen—but did not explain how this ever-present circumstance had led to an abrupt and sudden alteration of plan. Members made it plain that the change had little enthusiasm behind it.





"How many salutes for a general, Charlie?"

### Little Talks

**Y**ES, old boy, but, what I mean, at a time like this, you don't want the professional politician—

Half a minute. What do you mean by a professional politician? And why is he so much to be sneered at?

Oh, I wasn't including you, old boy. Don't think that.

Thanks. I'm not at all sure that I take that as a compliment. But let's go back. What is a "professional" politician?

Well, I mean a chap who makes a job of it—and a good thing out of it.

First point. You mean that when you want a job done—oh, by the way, I'm assuming that you do want this particular job done by somebody?

What job, old boy?

The politician's. You don't want to abolish Parliament?

On the whole—no, old boy.

Right. Well, you don't want this job to be done by men who make a job of it? Is that your general rule about jobs?

You know perfectly well what I mean, old boy.

I don't. Nor do you.

But it oughtn't to be a job at all—not what I mean by a job.

It was you who used the expression "job," not I. You mean that it should be a sort of hobby or pastime?

I mean it shouldn't be a business. That's what I said.

No. First you said "profession." And then you said "job."

You're trying to muddle me.

Quite unnecessary.

Of course, if you're going to be offensive, old boy—

Sorry. Well, let's put it this way. You read, no doubt, as I do, my admired friends "Beachcomber" and "Timothy Shy"?

The humorists?

Yes. They're very fond of heaving a friendly brick at the "professional politician." But I often wonder why.

Obvious, old boy.

Yet I suppose one would be correct

in describing them as "professional humorists"?

I dunno. I expect they'd object if you called them "amateurs."

Yes. Like other writers, solemn leader-writers, for example, they make writing the chief activity of their lives. They endeavour to know all that a man can know about their particular form of writing—and to do it as well as they can. In short, they "make a job of it." Eh?

What, old boy?

I said "Eh?"

Oh, I see. Well, I suppose you're right, old boy.

Indeed, I think you might say that they "make a good thing out of it."

Oh, come, old boy!

Well, I mean, they earn enough to enable them to continue to follow that particular calling.

Yes. I suppose that's right, old boy. Otherwise they wouldn't do it.

No one, you mean, would be a humorist for fun? Sad thought. However. Where were we?

You were talking a lot of offal about politicians and journalists. Surely, old boy, they are two different kettles of fish?

*Are you quite sure? Take politics. By the way, the absurd thing is that we haven't yet decided what "politics" is.*

Well, there's a dictionary in the next room, the size of a military horse. Let's have a look.

*What is it—the "Oxford English Dictionary"?*

Something like that, old boy.

*There is nothing like it. Well, what does it say?*

Here you are! "Politician." There—I was right! The first definition is what I've always thought. "A politic person; chiefly in a sinister sense, a shrewd schemer; a crafty plotter or intriguer." Jolly good show! Oh, and after that it says "Obs." What's "Obs."?

*"Obsolete." Out-of-date.*

Oh.

*Sorry, old boy. What's the next definition?*

"One versed in the theory or science of government and the art of governing: one skilled in politics: one practically engaged in conducting the business of the State: a statesman."

*Jolly good show! And what does it say about "politics"?*

"Politics"? Here we are: "The science and art of government; the science dealing with the form, organization, and administration of a state or part of one—"

Good enough. Now, old boy, you were saying that humorists and leader-writers were quite a different kettle of fish from "politicians." Do you still think that?

Of course, old boy!

Well, take the man who writes the first "Times" leader on the morning of, or after, a Vote of Censure—or the day Cripps goes to India—or the day we make a treaty with Russia. Or indeed any day. For every day he is presented to the public as one "versed in the theory or science of government and the art of governing: one skilled in politics"—which means, as we have heard, among other things, "the science dealing with the form, organization and administration of a State, or part of one." In other words, a "politician."

Oh, nonsense, old boy! He's not in Parliament.

There is nothing about Parliament in the definition. Shaw, and Wells, and Priestley, and Joad, and Laski, are not in Parliament—but all, without doubt, are "politicians." "Professional politicians," too.

Oh, surely, not?

Certainly. For one thing, they all

"ITALY," said Metternich, "is a geographical expression."

That was before the day of Garibaldi, maker of modern Italy, lover of Freedom, friend of Britain. Now the wheel has come full circle, and the Italy of Mussolini, enemy of Freedom, foe of Britain, lies in the dust. But what of the day when the strutting braggart struck at beaten France? Do you remember General Wavell's men and their feats of arms? Admiral Cunningham's at Matapan? And the Fleet Air Arm at Taranto?

#### MUSSOLINI WON'T FORGET!

Many of the heroes of these battles did not return; many are in hospital; the rest are eagerly awaiting to engage and defeat a still more evil foe.

#### HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN

to send a contribution to Mr. PUNCH'S COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4? Send now to show your appreciation and gratitude to our magnificent fighting men.

consider that they have a serious vocation to advise the people and the Ministers on the science and art of government, and they endeavour to conduct themselves according to the standards of a true profession or calling—that is, to acquire the true facts and offer wise counsel upon them, so far as they can.

It isn't always a success.

No, but they try. They are amateur critics of Parliamentary proceedings, but not of politics in general. In the second place, they all, in one way or another, and with absolute propriety, earn money from the advice they offer upon the government and administration of the country.

So do M.P.s.

Precisely. But it's quite ridiculous to sneer, as so many do, at the comparatively small "allowance for expenses" we grant to the M.P., and think nothing of the sums, very much larger, sometimes, which are received by the other gentlemen for offering advice about politics—books, plays, wireless talks—

Quite different, old boy.

The only real difference is that one is responsible and the others are not.

But you can't call the humorists—

The humorists are always proffering advice upon the government and

administration of the State. It is often sound. It is not always, I regret to say, responsible. For it is seldom the result of prolonged and careful study of the facts. They do not, for example, read Government White Papers. This, however, would not prevent most of them from commenting adversely thereon. They are, for the most part, though professional writers, amateur politicians. And, of course, if you don't want professional politicians, they, I suppose, are the sort of chaps you—

Well, old boy, as usual, you've twisted everything round; but what I was really thinking about was the chaps at the top. I mean in war-time, surely you want to get more practical fellows from outside. Big business men, I mean, and that sort of thing—chaps who know how to run a big job, but haven't got time for politics in the ordinary way.

*Half a minute. Would you say that in war-time we ought to get in a few blacksmiths to do dental work?*

No, old boy. But—

There is, as we have seen, both a science and an art of government, and the successful business man doesn't necessarily know anything about either. Or the big Civil Servant, for that matter. For example, he may not be able to handle an audience—make a speech—be tactful to a deputation—

Oh, blow the talk! What we want is action.

But speeches are action. Look at the P.M. It's all jolly fine. You've said you want to keep Parliament going. All right. But that means that your "practical man" from outside has got to answer questions two or three times a week. And any day he may be called on to wind up—or begin—a big debate before an anxious, excited and difficult House. He may have the best case in the world; but if he makes a muck of it he may bring the Government down.

Yes, but speech-making isn't everything.

I agree. There are a lot of other things necessary to be a success in the art, calling or, if you like, profession of politics. It's got to be studied like any other profession, and it may take time.

Well, look how well Woolton's done!

I agree. It doesn't always. But, as a matter of fact, Lord Woolton is not only a successful business man but a brilliant politician—in the best sense. And I'm quite sure he wouldn't say it was a job that anyone could do.

A. P. H.

Hitler divine? No, but we surely may Hail him Diabolus ex machina.

## Letter Home

**M**Y DEAR MUM AND DAD,—  
I've just arrived at this place. It is a Dump. Two cinemas a woolworths and a canteen. The second day my friend Bert found another canteen. Said they mended socks or something so seeing as I ad a real big un in one of mine I said orl right I would go with im the next night wot with only Joan Crawford and Sailor Blue that I'd seen with Nellie at Brighton last year.

We went orf down the road and got a lift in a vejutable cart wot was going thro to M— but that is Careless Talk I will just add I would uv liked to go with im and see Aunt Moll oo lives 5 miles from there. How is Uncle joes rumatics but that isnt wot I was telling you. We got to this canteen which ad a good few people in it all talkin and eatin Rare tasty buns with proper salmon in like we used to av at home on Sundays. When we'd ad our 2d worth I said Well wot about the socks so Bert said go to the office and see the young lady.

So orf I went and there was ever such a posh young lady there with fair hair all over er shoulders but dont tell Nellie I said so er being a dark Beauty tho it dont matter really as you will see later on. Anyway this young lady was ever so pleased to see me and made me proper welcome. Talk! I told er my ole life history and she was ever so pleased to see the snaps of you and Dad (oh well this is to both of you isnt it) and she admired your purple Mum and said Fancy when I told er Dad's suit was green corderoy. About arf an hour after Bert come in and we ad another chat and then a game of snooker upstairs with real armchairs if you wanted to sit down. We went down to get the darts and the young lady said Oh she said I ave got to move a grand piano I wonder if anyone will elp me seein its rather heavy. So we said well we'd give it a push so she took us right to the top of the house 3 stories it was and then we adnt got enoff it was that hevvy so she went and said we just want one more and then we could do it and in the end we ad a bakers dozen (just to show I avent forgot the shop) and we all got round it somehow and then we had to get it down to the basement for a dance wot should av started ½ hr ago but she ad forgotten they wanted the piano. We did it somehow and er sayin Dont let it Bump made me ever so nervous in case it did you know wot I am.

When we got as far as the hall she

said oh dear I am sorry but I remember we are going to ave the dance upstairs after all this week because there is a debatin society in the basement ow awful we'll ave to take it back. We was all pretty browned off (this is a word we are tort in the Army it means fed up) (that is anoyed not full up with food) and exhausted. When it was done she gave us a ticket to the dance for nothing but we could ardlly stand up let alone dance and anyway there wasnt any girls except two oo ad partners specially. So we that is Bert and I said never again and got some paper to write ome and tell you this place is a proper dump. Wots more this morning I erd the young lady say to our C.O. (that is wot we call our Boss) she never ast any of the men to do nothing as after all they was orf duty wen in the canteen but they was ever so good and elped er voluntry. Well I ses thats like the corparol wen es five volunteers you an you an you.

When we got back to camp after the night I told you about Bert ses well anyway you'll ave you're sock mended and lo and behold I remembered I forgot about it and it was in my respirator so it was all for nothing.

Oping you are well as I am and lookin forward to seein you in the pink on the green at 1430 hrs Saturday come 3 weeks when the bus sails in and bring Doug to elp carry my kit. Regards to Nellie and I ope she will be in the blue with the sqare neck. Cor an it isnt arf rainin somethin terrible outside I see.

Your Loving Soldier Son,

ALF.

Excuse blots but I am pealin potaitos.

## Omnibus Without Tears

**A**LL fares, please!"

"Army and Navy Stores, please."

"Navy and Army. Fares, please!"

"Conductor, to what extent am I indebted to your inestimable company for this delightful drive from Maida Vale to the Marble Arch?"

"One-an'-an'-alf. Fares, please!"

"Two Army and Navy Stores, please."

"Two Navy and Army. Fares, please!"

"Wot are yer pricing it from 'ere to 'Yde Park to-day, 'Erbert?"

"Well, to the general public tuppence, but you bein' a reg'lar customer, a penny 'apenry!"

"Goodenuffski!"

"Fares, please!"

"Army and Navy Stores, please."

"Navy and Army. Fares, please!"

"St. Paul's Churchyard?"

"Post Office do?"

"Same thing, isn't it?"

"Sththink so. Fares, please!"

"Army and Navy Stores."

"Navy and Army! Fares, please!"

"It's quite easy to see that you have been in the Navy, conductor."

"All you people been to Oxford and not know which the Senior Service is! Fares, please!"

"One whole and two halves to Westminster, if you please."

"Right you are, mum. Just wait while I work my lightning calc'lator. No dawg?"

"Conductor, I said the Marble Arch—not half-way down Park Lane!"

"Ah! But 'ave you seen the noos, me lord?"

"What news is that?"

"Five bob orf the sooper tax an' no more war. And there's your ruddy limousine Rolls-Legander waiting all 'andy, and yer might 'ave missed the connection. And now—'Op it!"

o o

## Evil Thoughts

**S**OMETIMES," said Lieutenant Simpson suddenly, "I am the victim of Evil Thoughts."

"You mean," I said, "that you contemplate assassinating the Major? I can quite understand your being a little sore after his remarks about your handling of the affair of Private Jack's clasp-knife, but you can't expect to get away with screening crime. We were told at the O.C.T.U. it was never done."

"The poor lad," said Simpson, "was definitely turning over a new leaf. He told me so. And as the Sergeant had two clasp-knives I just borrowed one, on the plea of wishing to sharpen a pencil, and inserted it in Jack's kit for the kit-inspection. However; it was not about assassinating the Major that I had Evil Thoughts. As majors go, he isn't at all bad. No, my Evil Thoughts were about hosteliery. I am bored with hotel-lounges and American Bars. There is a delightful Snug across the road where they play darts. Is it actually laid down in King's Regulations that officers shall not play darts in a Snug?"

"I don't think so," I said, "but it is one of those things that are not done. The point is that if you play darts with Private Jones in the evening, your





"Can't you read that notice?"

"Yes, that's why we comes here. We haven't any bathin' clo'es."

prestige is ruined on parade next morning."

"Speak for yourself," said Sympson warmly. "Personally there is nothing about my darts that could possibly puncture my prestige. I could white-wash Private Jones blindfold."

Once the idea had gripped Sympson, nothing could keep the Evil Thought out of his head, and that same evening, with shamefaced looks, we stole into the Snug of the "Bishop of Wakefield."

"I feel like a simple Sapper again," said Sympson wistfully. "Do you think we shall get a game?"

I did not heed him, because I was more interested in the peculiar effect of our entrance on those present. An unknown private of the R.A.S.C. who had been playing a lively tune on the piano, got up, finished his beer, and marched hastily out. Corporal Binns of our own Company, who had just ordered a pint, winked to the landlord

to make it a half and grinned feebly at us.

"Good evening, Binns," said Sympson with overdone affability. "It is a nice night."

"Very nice, sir," said Corporal Binns.

"I don't think it will rain," added Sympson cheerily.

"No, sir," said Binns, "unless the wind changes."

"I don't see any reason," said Sympson, "to suppose that the wind will change."

Binns evidently felt that he had put his foot in it, and rushed from the bar.

We drank a pint each. We drank a second pint. Sympson then challenged Private Smith to a game of darts. Private Smith looked wildly towards the door, decided that escape was impossible, and the game began. It was a most interesting game. Sympson tried to indicate by his stance and delivery that although he was an

officer he was still one of the boys. Private Smith held his darts in a way that can only be described as ladylike, and the first one hit the electric light over the board and smashed it.

The bulb was replaced after a long argument between Sympson and Private Smith as to who should pay for it, both of them claiming the privilege, and meanwhile an impatient Gunner, who was waiting for the dart-board and appeared to be of a subversive disposition, played "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" on the piano.

Forty minutes later Sympson and Private Smith having finished the game (unable to get the final double) by going for the "nearest middle," we passed out into the night.

"Not a success, I'm afraid," said Sympson sadly. "We shall have to learn Bridge instead."

"*C'est la guerre*," I murmured bravely — "*c'est la guerre*."



"I got a bit behind, so I posted the rest."

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### The Pollock-Holmes Letters

THE two great lawyers, one English and one American, whose letters Mr. MARK DEWOLFE HOWE has edited with remarkable skill (*The Pollock-Holmes Letters*. Correspondence of Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK and Mr. Justice HOLMES: 1874-1932. CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS. 2 Vols., 36/-), were both over ninety when they died, and had been writing to each other for fifty-eight years, which must be very near the record for an interchange of letters between two friends. No doubt the Atlantic Ocean had a beneficial influence, for POLLOCK and HOLMES met very seldom during this vast expanse of time, and so the freshness of their interest in one another was preserved. But the constancy of their friendship is more fairly attributable to the combination in each of them of a calm temperament and varied intellectual interests, sustained and renewed till extreme old age. Their letters lack genius; they are not comparable with LAMB's or COWPER's or BYRON's. But they constitute, as Mr. DEWOLFE HOWE says, the biography of an era, and reveal how much English and American culture had in common between the Civil War and the age of HITLER.

Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK emerges from these letters as a perfect embodiment of Victorian culture, very widely read in several languages, with a shrewd, balanced mind ajar if not wide open to new ideas, and a rather aloof temperament. His way of learning about things, he writes to HOLMES, has

not been to mix with ordinary men, but "to converse with people of the best in their nations and callings." HOLMES seems to have been far less formal and reserved, a difference perhaps in some degree due to the freer atmosphere of the States. Although he eventually became a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, his way of writing before and after he reached that position is exactly the same in its warmth and naturalness. During the Civil War he was wounded three times, but he did not in later years romanticize either war or his own experience of it. Given physical fitness, he wrote in middle age, one would mind campaigning less as an elderly man than as a young man—"When a man has once had his chance it does not matter so much whether he has more or less time allowed him in that stage. I used to think of that a good deal during the war." Doubtful of any other life, he was very glad to have had a full share of this one. "What imbecilities for an old fellow to be talking," he exclaimed in a letter to Lady POLLOCK, after telling her of an idyllic half-hour he had once spent with an Englishwoman. "She sat on a stile, I below gazing into her eyes." They promised one another, he says, that they would never forget that moment. "And I still do and ever shall remember her, and I rather think she does me a little bit." Although as great a reader as POLLOCK, he characteristically preferred BALZAC to HOMER, and even questioned the profundity of the Greek and Latin classics in comparison with SHAKESPEARE, STERNE and GOETHE—"How little pregnant, how flat, are the great authors of the past before the time when men saw themselves seeing. The only simplicity for which I would give a straw is that which is on the other side of the complex—not that which never has divined it." He could criticize SHAKESPEARE, too, and confessed that except for *Bottom* and a few touches of poetry he found *A Midsummer Night's Dream* rather slow. JANE AUSTEN ("your saint Miss Austin," as he wrote to POLLOCK) bored him, and when POLLOCK quoted Horace, HOLMES replied: "You always have me on the tongues. . . . I never read the *Odes* until within the last ten years, and then rather rapidly."

When the last war broke out, POLLOCK and HOLMES were both old men, yet they took it in their stride, POLLOCK with English optimism writing, in the middle of September 1914, "It is premature to talk of marching into Berlin," and HOLMES, a few months after America's entry, writing "I agree with ROOSEVELT . . . that we had better keep our mouths shut until we have done a damned deal more than we have yet." The years and the letters flowed on. In 1929, when he was eighty-four, POLLOCK noted "Somehow everything takes a little longer to do when the time can be computed (as in shaving)"; and in the following year HOLMES, now eighty-nine, said he was afraid he was old—modernist painting mystified him, and he felt the same way about most of the modern experiments in literature. Yet his last letter, two years later, written just as HITLER was emerging into general notice, is as young and fiery as ever—"I forget if I have mentioned the accursed SPENGLER . . . the beast has ideas. I wish he was dead."

H. K.

#### The German Schism

GOETHE, who did not always feel at home with his fellow-countrymen, remarked that a coherent Germany was impossible as long as the cultivated German and the State had "a different soul"—a cleavage that inspires Herr EMIL LUDWIG's extremely interesting study of *The Germans* (HAMILTON, 12/6). Men are moved, Herr LUDWIG maintains, by passions rather than economic necessity; and the harnessing or unleashing of these is a basic material of

history. This being so, it is a pity he has so severely cut his mediaeval chapters in the present translation, for mediaeval Christianity is the chief extraneous curb the German has endured. It was HEINE, a Jew, who foretold that with "the talisman of the cross broken," the berserker in the Teuton would break out, a disaster hastened, in Herr LUDWIG's opinion, by LUTHER. From LUTHER on, the book admirably fulfils its promise of "rounded portraits" illustrative of its text. WAGNER is outstandingly good; and with HITLER of the Wagnerian technique, the rift is complete. Herr LUDWIG is of course a partisan; and his distinguished book would have been more useful had he shown how HITLER's original programme pretended to satisfy the elementary human needs as opposed to what he termed the prevailing plutocracies.

H. P. E.

### Chaos Relived

It is adroit of Mr. GEORGE SAVA to call it *A Tale of Ten Cities* (FABER, 8/6): the Europe he describes is at once so near to and so distant from that former France of terror and self-sacrifice. His memories and imaginings, in fact, take in almost all that Continent that is for the present a world behind a prison wall. He was in Russia as the Empire fell, in London for the rape of Czechoslovakia. A man he knew might perhaps have saved the King of Yugoslavia; and one night in Munich, in mysterious circumstances, he listened to a nameless man who may have been HITLER defend the author of *Mein Kampf*. What is fact and what fancy is as difficult to tell as in another doctor's story, that of San Michele; but the book actually benefits from the uncertainty. One tale, for instance, purports to trace the curious beginnings of Madame LUPESCU, another the influence of "Miss Smith of England" on KEMAL ATATURK—"purports" is a word that will not be denied here. Yet though the tales have the oddity and inconsequence of fiction, their very meandering and inconclusiveness is perhaps evidence that they are true. In effect, if not entirely in fact, they form a recognizable view of twenty years in European society and politics—twenty chaotic years of which the fundamental unhappiness was both our knowledge that we drifted and our ignorance in which direction to turn. It was a sickness, a combination of spiritual paralysis and spiritual malaise, that recurs in every page of Mr. SAVA's and gives to his figures the sprawling colours and importance of an immense cartoon.

J. S.

### City Churches

The trouble with *The Old Churches of London* (BATSFORD, 15/-) is that, thanks to the Great Fire, we have very few left of a primarily spiritual character. The rest are rather compromises with the supernatural than tributes to that disconcerting element; and hardly one ecclesiastical figure of outstanding sanctity is connected with them. That is not to say that they are not sometimes beautiful, always interesting, and an extremely valuable page of English history. They are. When, however, Mr. GERALD COBB indicts the Bishops for demolishing them and selling the sites in order to build places of worship where there are residents to worship in them, it is not quite fair to discern Ecclesiastical Commissioners as barely excusable precursors of the Hun. The fact that domestic needs and Teutonic fury have both combined to strip us of a great legacy of seventeenth and eighteenth century architecture—and that bombs have demolished marvels of English craftsmanship in English oak and alabaster—renders Mr. COBB's careful and enthusiastic record a timely as well as a masterly book. Its photographs are outstandingly good; and the author's

own drawing of all the Wren towers and steeples is only one of a remarkable series of sketches and plans, old and new.

H. P. E.

### Too Big for Words

Ten minutes' taxi-drive from the centre of Brazil's great and beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro one may pass into unbroken jungle. In Argentina the soil is so rich that fertilizers are unheard of, while across the frontier in high and arid Bolivia nothing will grow at all. In Colombia, where it always rains and there are many orchids, the boot-blacks quote Proust, but in the neighbouring State of Venezuela illiteracy is up to 90 per cent. The spaces and the variations *Inside Latin America* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 12/6) are so extreme that even Mr. JOHN GUNTHER cannot condense an adequate account of them into a single volume. No less is his capacity for being favourably impressed—and that capacity is no small measure—strained to the utmost by the succession of suave or peremptory dictators, diplomats, opposition leaders and other mixed notables, whether Spanish, Indian or *mestizo*, whom he has contrived to meet and question on their countries' hopes and problems. If he is in this volume perhaps a little less successful than often before, the superabundance of material is to blame—after all Brazil alone is larger than the United States and includes not only unfathomable abysses of forest and mountain but cities that are wholly German and others as Italian as Turin. Mr. GUNTHER's work is valuable principally for his estimate of the Fifth Columnist menace in all these republics and its bearing on American defence. His book was written before America was plunged into war and much of what he says might to-day be cast more favourably for the free peoples. Even so his findings are hopeful rather than gloomy, judged on either short or long-term reckoning.

C. C. P.



"Now look fierce!"





"You, Private Watercress—supposing a Jerry came at you suddenly at close quarters with a Tommy-gun, what would you do? Now take your time—think."

## Our Cheerful Club

(By Smith Minor)

**P**REMISSORY note. (There may be only one "s" in "Prefissory," but when I tried to look it up I couldn't find it.) This article is going to be a bit different to most of my others, which you may think a good thing, but whether it is or whether it isn't, it's going to be. What I mean is that it will contain a lot of thorts, which some people find dull, but I happen to like them, they coming to me at any time or place, even in one's bath.

It was in a bath that I thort of the two things, (1) How to get to the moon, and (2) What good would it be if you got there? End of Prefissory Note.

Now what I am going to tell you about happened, or rather began, on one of those days when the news wasn't *très bonnes*, in fact it was *très mauvaises*, and everybody was going about with gloomy faces. Mind you, the news got better later on, you find it always does in this country, but it hadn't got

better yet, and even to take a walk made you feel sad,

"For there was nowhere you could go Without this sorry site of Whoe,"

and so at last I said to Green,

"Look here, can't we do something about it?"

"You always want to do something about everything," said Green.

"Well, someone must," I said.

"But why you?" he said. "And anyhow what is it you want to do something about this time?"

"All this gloom," I said. "We know things are a bit wonky, but is it going to help to make them better by going about looking like dying fishes?"

"Do I look like a dying fish?" he said.

"Not now," I said, "but you did. Come out, and I'll show you."

So we went out into the street, and Green had to agree that the six first people who went by us looked like, i.e.

- (1) A dying fish.
- (2) A startled jiraffe.
- (3) A hen in trouble.
- (4) Another dying fish.
- (5) The Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland."
- (6) A dead fish.

"You see," I said.

"Yes, I see," said Green, "but what I don't see is what you can do about it."

"Well, that's what I'm asking you," I said.

"All I can think of would be to start a Cheerful Club," he said.

"My hat!" I said. "Why, there you are!"

You can't get away from it, Green has what is called a fur-tiled brain. If the war only waits till he grows up, I honestly believe he'll find a way to end it in a twink. It's a good thing for England we've got Green coming, if you know what I mean.

Well, anyway, we decided to start the Cheerful Club, and in order to save time, which we had to do because the six o'clock news had just been and people's expressions were getting even worse, we arranged that while I was working out six cheerful thorts for members, Green should go and raise up six members to think them. These are the six thorts I worked out, and I am giving them all to you because one day you may find them useful, you never know, though mind you, you may have your own, and they may be better. I.E.:—

(1) Think of your last stummock-ache. Did it not seem to you that the

world was coming to an end? But did it? No! The stummock-ache did.

(2) Suppose you were a worm? What then? But, lo! you are not!

(3) Things never keep exactly the same, well, do they, so when they are so bad that they couldn't be worse, they must get better. (This may sound a bit deap, but work it out and you'll find it is true.)

(4) You can't stop flowers coming up. (Green didn't like this one, but somehow I did, so we tossed, and it came we should keep it.)

(5) "Fear is more pane than is the pane it fears."—Sir Phillip Sidney, b. Nov. 29th, 1554, and d. Oct. 17th, 1586, aetat 32, no, 31, after the Battle of Zutphen.

(6) A way to buck yourself up is to bathe your feet in warm water wile eating bisquits and then to give them a good rub (your feet).

Strictly speaking the last one isn't a thort, but it is a jolly good idea. I made it up myself, and I always do it after making a duck at cricket, and you'd be surprised how it works.

Well, anyway, they were the six.

When Green came back he hadn't been very lucky, becorse he had only been able to raik up one member. This was a boy called Hatherset with no eye brows. Of corse he can't help that. His father makes mouse-traps and the scrue-tops of beer-bottles, not that that has anything to do with what I'm telling you, but it seems to me rather cewrious, so I thort I'd menshun it.

"What do we do?" asked this Hatherset.

"We don't know yet," said Green.

"Don't we?" I said.

"Well, do we?" he said.

"No," I said.

So the next thing to work out was what to do. We found this more difercult than we'd imajined, but after reading my six thorts and liking all but No. 4 (*quis vide*), Green desided that the thing to do was to put the thorts before poeple to try and make them join the Club.

"Yes, but how do we do it?" asked Hatherset.

"We stand on a corner and hand them out to poeple with sad faces," said Green.

"Who'll write out the copies, we'll nead about five hundred," said Hatherset. "I suppose Smith dose?"

"Why dose he?" I said.

"Well, they're your thorts," said Hatherset, "and you'll enjoy doing it if you remember you're not a worm."

Mind you, this may of been funny,

one's got to be fair, but I thort not, and a few things were said after that that I won't put down, but then we remembered we'd got to be chearful, and Green desided that we'd only nead to write out one more copy if we wrote it very big and mownted it on a pole, wich we did.

When we had done it, it was toq late to do any more, so it wasn't untill next morning that we went to the corner with the pole and held it up, at least I held it up, and Green and Hatherset stood on each side of me and smiled. I didn't have to smile as I was holding the pole. The first five poeple who past us didn't stop, they were catching tranes, but the next eihth did, and they

certainly looked chearful, thuoh not quite in the way we wanted. In fact, two of the things I heard said were, (a) "Are they doing it for a whager?" and (b) "I supose their Keaper has gone for a drink," and one old lady gave us a penny.

Well, things went on for a bit like this, and it looked as if we weren't going to get any more members, you see we'd written on top of the thorts "Join Our Chearful Club," I forgot to menshun that, but presently a man with the most misarable face I've ever seen, honestly, stopped and staired at us. This was really the sort of face we were looking for, and it was funny this being the first, becorse yesterday



"Beg pardon, but which platform did you say for Derby?"

they'd been going about like mushrooms.

"Excuse me, sir," said Green, "but cheer up."

"What's all this about?" said the man.

"We'd like you to join our Cheerful Club," said Green.

"It will do you good," I said.

"Look at us," said Hatherset.

"I am looking at you," said the man.

"What are you supposed to be? Laufhing Highenas?"

"Better Laufhing Highenas than Dying Ducks," said Green.

"Who's a Dying Duck?" said the man.

It seemed to me that things were not going very well, so I said,

"We don't mean that you are, sir, but sometimes, when the news is bad, people look like them, or even worse, and as gloomy faces are catching, if you know what we mean, and bad for a country's moral, we are trying to do what we can to cheer things up a bit."

"So join our Cheerful Club," said Hatherset.

"Up the Smilers!" said Green.

"It doesn't matter how bad the news is," I said, "it always might be worse."

"Might be worse?" said the man. "What are you talking about? It couldn't be better. Haven't you heard the morning bullytin?"

While I was remembering that we hadn't, Green said,

"In that case, sir, why are you looking like a man with a toothache?"

"Because I am a man with a toothache," said the man. "I'm on my way now to the dentist."

Well, after that we decided to go back and put our feet in warm water and eat biscuits.

You mightn't think it, but it worked!

## Times Aren't What They Were.

ONCE upon another time there was a person, quite young, who was overheard talking to a farmyard animal. This was frightfully good in a way, because all modern parents want their children to get on with animals and never to

be afraid of dogs, horses, lions, tigers or anything. In another way it wasn't so good, because all modern parents are psychologists as well as being parents, and a child who overdoes the fantasy-life can quite easily turn into a problem-child and become a great expense.

Besides, in this particular case the animal that the young person was talking to was a sheep—and a black sheep at that, and once your child starts identifying himself with a black sheep, you and he are both sunk. It means an inferiority complex that it may take years and years, and hundreds of pounds, to eliminate—and then it'll very likely only be sublimated into something worse.

"Baa, baa, black sheep," was what the child said, "have you any wool?"

In any I.Q. test this would have brought the level down to about zero, because obviously the very simplest powers of observation would have made the whole question unnecessary. After all, if a sheep hasn't any wool it must just have been shorn, so that, whichever way you look at it, the inquiry seems to be a pretty senseless one.

Speaking on behalf of the sheep, either the questioner himself or his good-natured Uncle James, hidden behind a hedge, replied: "Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full."

This reply, however well-meant, is far from being a sound one in wartime.

What kind of bags, and why weren't they being used for collecting salvage if they were sacks, and if they were just hand-bags, three of them must have meant unnecessary expenditure somewhere, and what, anyway, is the purchase-tax for, if not to discourage this kind of thing? Besides, the wool should have been dealt with immediately, not left lying about in sacks or bags.

There is worse to come.

"One for the master and one for the maid . . ."

Of all the undemocratic ways of talking—or baa-ing!

If the maid is just the land-girl, then she is definitely *as family*.

If she isn't the land-girl, she ought not to be expected to deal with matters relating to stock—such as sheep and their wool—and any Trades Union would tell you the same.

It is this sort of thing that has put

the Domestic Problem where it is to-day—that is to say, in the Correspondence Column of practically every daily paper in the country.

The sheep, or whoever the speaker may have been, ended up with further recklessness:

"Two for the little boy who lives down the lane."

No mention anywhere of coupons, nothing said about salvage, and not a word as to transport.

The war, mark our words—or bleats—is not going to be won by that kind of thing.

The parents of this wool-gathering child, to do them justice, saw that they were working up for trouble and would willingly have turned the sheep into mutton, but the regulations made it all too difficult. The father went so far as to say: "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," but no one inquired too closely into what he meant exactly.

The mother simply said that mutton never did hang nowadays, anyway. The moment it was delivered by the fishmonger's wife doing the milk-round because the grocer's boy had been called up, it was cooked and sent in for the P.G.'s dinner.

As for the problem-child, he was nowhere to be found when it was time for him to come in and do his Rhythm and Romping to the Wireless.

But he could just be heard in the far distance, singing to himself—without much rhythm and with no romping at all. And if the song was what it sounded like, it was something about singing for his supper and getting white bread and butter.

Wishful thinking carried to these lengths practically amounts to a neurosis of the worst and most up-to-date kind. E. M. D.

## The Green Beef of Old England

"—, licensed slaughterman, Ugborough, was fined £1 ls. and £1 17s. 8d. costs at Plympton today for selling 300 cwt. of horseflesh which had not been dyed green as ordered by the Ministry of Food and was thus unfit for human consumption."

Western Empire Herald.

## "BRIGHTER WHITEHALL"

Walking along Whitehall I found a knot of sober Civil Servants standing outside the Whitehall Theatre."—*Evening Standard*.

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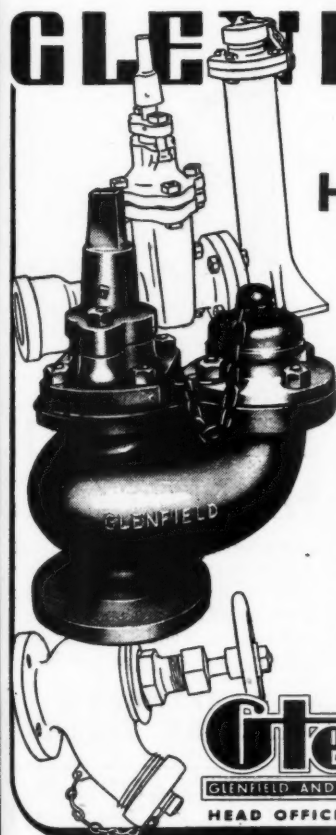
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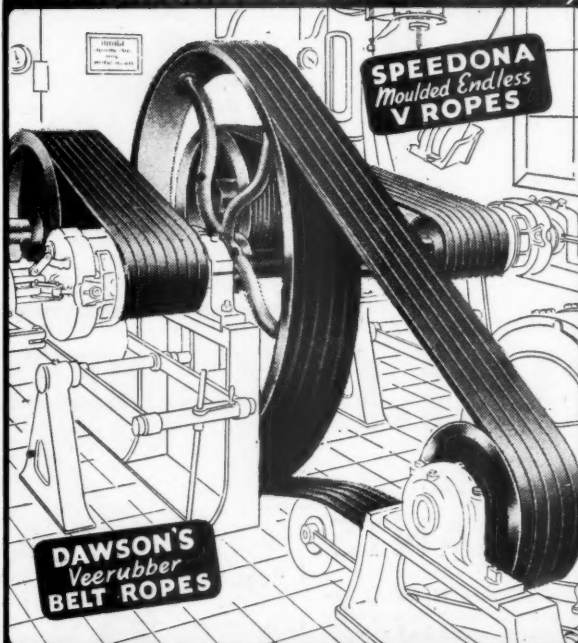
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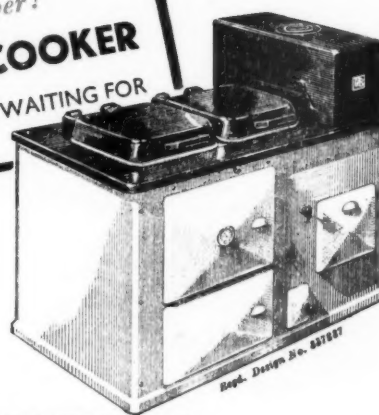
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